



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, OCTOBER 11, 1828.

No. 10.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Rosa St. Herbert,

OR THE MAID OF THE INN.

(Concluded.)

But ere he had matured his plans, or come to any definite conclusion on the subject, his quick ear caught the sound of the light step of Rosa, as she descended the stairs to sally forth, after many sad forebodings and fearful misgivings of the heart, in quest of a place. Buried in her own melancholy thoughts, with slow steps and a heavy heart she had nearly reached the outer door, when her own name pronounced in hurried accents, arrested her progress; and as she instinctively turned, what was her surprize! on beholding the stranger she had before noticed.

" Miss St. Herbert," began de Vere, and he hesitated, scarcely knowing what he had intended to say—" Miss St. Herbert," at length he proceeded, " I am sensible that my request may be deemed impertinent, but you will greatly oblige one, who feels an interest in your welfare, by granting him a few moments attention."

The heart of Rosa beat quick—and casting a cursory glance at his face, as if to ascertain his motive for thus detaining her, she stood silently awaiting what further he had to say. " You are aware," after a short silence, he continued, " that I am apprized of your intention to leave this house, and also of your desire to obtain some employment by which you may earn a livelihood. Might a stranger be permitted to offer his services, I would tender mine. I have an acquaintance in this place, Mrs. Jones, the friend of my deceased mother, to whom, with your permission I will speak on the subject, and doubt not but she will use her influence in your behalf. " The character of Mrs. Jones, being known to Rosa, she thankfully signified her assent, and, with a

light heart, he hastened to perform his errand. How he entered upon his mission, and succeeded in interesting his aged friend in favour of the youthful Rosa, it were needless to relate; suffice it to say that the morrow found her an inmate of the house of Mrs. Jones; and that she soon regarded that lady, who lavished on her all the fondness of a parent, with scarcely less affection than she had felt for her own beloved and lamented mother.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Rosa was pleased with her new home; it was to her, after all her sorrows, as a haven of rest to the weary, storm-beaten mariner. Her cheerful voice through the house was as the chirping of birds in the lovely season of Spring, when the gloomy Winter is past, and the buds and early flowers put forth in their beauty; for peace was again hers, the buds of innocent enjoyment began to expand in her bosom, and ere long the sweet blossoms of happiness, nurtured by the kind hand of friendship, spread forth their late faded and withering petals beneath the genial sun of affection, glowing in renovated loveliness. The little services required by Mrs. Jones were performed with alacrity, and never was she tired of expressing her gratitude; though informed by her kind friend, that in consequence of her reduced circumstances, the generous de Vere had insisted she should be at no expense on her account, and that for the many favours she was constantly receiving at her hand, she was indebted to his bounty; which she had carefully concealed until he was gone.

The scruples that sometimes arose in the mind of Rosa, about continuing to profit by the liberality of de Vere, were always quickly silenced by the arguments of Mrs. Jones, who represented to her, the need she was in of a companion in her widowed and lonely estate, and that she considered the obligation to him as all her own.—" And as he can afford to be liberal," she would say, " and it gives him pleasure, why should I refuse his gifts, when they add so much to the happiness of us both."

The gossips of B——, with mistress Thorn-tree at their head, found sufficient matter for scandal in the removal of Rosa.

"So Mrs. Thorn-tree, your maid has left you and gone to live with Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Lightfoot, the news carrier of the village. She keeps the one she had before too I see—I can look into her kitchen you know from my window—and I assure you your girl is quite a lady there, indeed Mrs. Jones can't find work for two—and I shouldn't think she could afford to give her much wages."

"If she can't, there's them that can, and I believe that she's no better than she should be," said the hostess, with a significant sneer, "she knew what she was about or she wouldn't have been so uppish—Do you know that she and the strange gentleman from New-York were seen in close conference in the hall?—and I believe he inveigled her away, in truth I haven't a doubt of it; for I am told, that after Rosa went to Mrs. Jones's, he was a constant visitor—he didn't stay here much, any how. But pray don't say any thing from me, it might come to the ears of Mrs. Jones, and I dare say the old lady isn't to blame, for I'll warrant the wench has deceived her—the creature had art enough to deceive the very elect."

"La! why you don't say so!—I never dreamt of such a thing—but I shall say nothing about it.—The gentleman I take it has gone to New-York," said Mrs. Lightfoot inquiringly.

"Yes, yes! and I guess he'll stay there, and she will be glad to come and work for me again, yet—the fool can't think he'll marry her, but don't lisp a syllable I've said—I wouldn't talk so freely to every body—but I know you won't tell," said the cunning hostess, knowing every word she had spoken, with plentiful additions, accompanied by strong injunctions to secrecy and refusals to name her author, would be spread over half the village, by her indefatigable friend, before she slept.

But the shafts of slander fell harmless at the feet of Rosa; for secure in the panoply of innocence, and blessed with the love of Mrs. Jones and the esteem of a few kind friends, she heeded not, though she sometimes heard, the idle tales, which these foul aspersors of the innocent, took such unwearied pains to circulate.

Meanwhile, de Vere was again immersed in the business and bustle of his native city, again he partook of its fascinating pleasures; but not with the same zest as formerly; there was a void in his heart, "an aching void" which neither business nor pleasure could fill. Though like Rosa an orphan and destitute of kindred, yet never before had he felt his situation to be solitary; but now there would come over him, even amid scenes of hilarity, a feeling of loneliness. Listless and uneasy, about a year after his departure from B——, he determined to visit the falls of Niagara, taking

that village in his way, for the purpose of calling on Mrs. Jones and her, or rather his, fair *protogee*. This resolution being taken, but a short time elapsed ere, after a pleasant though somewhat fatiguing journey, he found himself comfortably seated in the little parlour of Mrs. Jones, listening with unwearied attention to the good old lady's praises of her favourite Rosa, by whom he was welcomed with all the innocent artlessness of grateful affection. The lily had given place to the rose on her cheek, and if he had thought her beautiful before, he could not but acknowledge that she was doubly so now; and her goodness of heart, sweetness of disposition, and withal the superiority of her mental endowments, that shone in every word and act so brightly forth, completed the subjugation of his heart. Time rolled happily and almost imperceptibly away, and he still continued the visitor of Mrs. Jones, who began to suspect that she was indebted to her young friend for the length of his stay.

The falls of Niagara were forgotten; and de Vere, himself, at the end of six weeks, began to fancy himself in love, and could it be possible! with Rosa. It cannot be denied but that pride had some struggles with affection in his bosom. "But what," after a sleepless night, thought de Vere—"what are all the riches and distinctions of earth, when placed in competition with the heavenly graces of mind and person—the virtues, and angelic purity of Rosa?—nothing, absolutely nothing!—to me, the world without her, were indeed of no value!"—and he resolved to ascertain, the first convenient opportunity, the state of her affections, and if convinced that he was beloved to make the destitute orphan his own.

"That is a fine situation on the little eminence, that overlooks your old habitation of the Indian Chief, Rosa;" observed de Vere, the evening after he had come to so wise a conclusion, roused from a fit of musing by the entrance of the fair object who had engrossed his thoughts; "and if you would consent to become my house-keeper I think I would purchase it, as I hear it is to be sold."

"You are not in earnest, Mr. de Vere," said Rosa, looking doubtingly in his face, not knowing what construction to put upon so strange a proposition.

"Never more so!—but it is long since I was here, and perhaps you have other and happier prospects; if so, as I desire only the promotion of your happiness, I will forward them by any means in my power. Speak Rosa, is there any thing I can do—any engagement of a tender nature, in which I can be of service to you?"

"None, none!" exclaimed the agitated girl, "but—" the words she would have uttered died on her lips.

"But what? anxiously inquired de Vere," do you distrust me Rosa? or would your compliance with the whim of a bachelor be attend-

ed with too great a sacrifice?"—what have you against my proposal?

"Heaven forbid that I should distrust my best friend, one to whom I owe so much, or consider any thing a sacrifice that would enable me to administer to his comfort!—but I was going to say" said she deeply blushing, "that my assenting to what you propose, would confirm in the opinion of the world the foolish reports already in circulation."

"What reports?" inquired de Vere, totally ignorant upon the subject; and he drew from her by degrees the nature of those to which she had alluded.

"Dearest Rosa," cried he, taking her hand, "forgive me for leading you to suspect for a moment that I would place you in a situation which might expose you to censure—say but that you will be mine, and the voice of slander shall be silenced forever." Rosa's heart was too full for utterance, and he continued—"but, perhaps, you could not love one so much older than yourself—be candid, Rosa, I would not possess your hand unaccompanied by your heart—do you, can you love me?"

"Love you! oh, Mr. de Vere, my benefactor! can you doubt that the heart of the poor Rosa is wholly, irrevocably yours?—who have I on earth to love but you?" murmured the almost fainting girl, overcome by the intensity of her feelings.

"Rosa, my own Rosa!—I can doubt no longer—now indeed is my happiness sealed by so blest an assurance from your own sweet lips," exclaimed the enraptured de Vere, as he pressed her to his bosom in a transport of joy.

But love scenes, though they may be interesting to the parties themselves, lose much of their interest in relation; the short period that intervened between the declaration and marriage of de Vere, will therefore be passed over in silence.

It was on a beautiful autumnal evening, at the close of the service, for they were married in the neat little church of the village, that the aged clergyman, descending from the sacred desk, said, in his wonted slow and solemn manner, "let those who are about to be joined in the holy bands of matrimony step forward;" when, to the astonishment of the good people of B——, Edward de Vere and Rosa St. Herbert approached the altar: a murmur of surprise ran throughout the congregation, and, when the marriage ceremony commenced, Mrs. Thorntree and her friend Lightfoot, who happened to be present, could scarce credit the evidence of their own senses.

Years have now passed since the marriage of de Vere and his charming Rosa; the writer of this simple tale has often been their guest, and as often has he heard his friend declare, that he had never for a moment repented preferring the humble and portionless Maid of the Inn, to the high-born beauties, endowed with

the gifts of fortune, with whom he had been accustomed to associate.

Happy in the love and esteem of each other, I am persuaded that the petty vexations of life and even its more serious calamities, should any arise, will ever be to them but as the gentle breezes that ruffle the surface of the deep, but disturb not the calm serenity of its peaceful bosom.

The little inn of B—— has long since been thrown in the back ground by the more elegant and commodious establishment of the Golden Eagle. The fat hostess, however, mourning over her ruined house and fallen fortunes, her turbulent spirit quelled by misfortune, is still its occupant; and in the gloomy and fitful moods to which she is sometimes subject, she almost fancies, as she listlessly gazes on the splendid dwelling of Rosa, that the tall poplars and wide-spreading elms which shade its towering walls, nod their proud heads, and wave their gigantic arms, in scorn at her humble and dilapidated habitation. The shattered sign of the Indian Chief, still hangs creaking in the wind; the likeness of the poor Indian, now defaced and discoloured by time, affording a striking and melancholy emblem of the fate of the aborigines of our country; who driven back by the more civilized whites, from the homes and graves of their fathers, have been doomed to become as wanderers and strangers, in a land once the exclusive possession of their ancestors, and that seemed destined by Providence to be the heritage of their race.

My story now draws to a conclusion—I have only to say, that the foregoing incidents were mostly gathered from the principal parties concerned, and that, having shown my manuscript to my friend Everard, he testifies to its truth, with the exception of one particular, against the correctness of which he enters his protest—declaring that his capture was not owing to any extraordinary or unwonted exertions on the part of his *little godship*, but solely to the pre-eminent charms and graces of Rosa, and, as I am half inclined to his opinion, I shall not contradict him.

In sober truth, reader, though a bachelor, and an adept in all the whims and oddities of the fraternity, could I find another Rosa to accompany me to the altar of Hymen, I would e'en forswear my allegiance to the order, quit the ranks of celibacy, and become a devoted worshipper at his shrine.

OBADIAH.

A Lady's Toilet.—Essential requisites for a lady's toilet, humbly recommended to fair readers: A fine eye-water—Benevolence. Best white paint—Innocence. A mixture giving sweetness to the voice—Mildness and Truth. A wash to prevent wrinkles—Contentment. Best rouge—Modesty. Pair of most beautiful ear-rings—Attention. An universal beautifier—Good humour. A lip-salve—Cheerfulness.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

The Young Bride.

Clara La Roche was a pale beauty. A profusion of dark black tresses fell over intellectual temples, a smooth white forehead, and features that would each have served for a model. Flashing and penetrating black eyes, half hid beneath beautiful white lids and long shining lashes, gave splendour to a countenance that otherwise might have been deemed inexpressive. Her form was yielding and graceful—Her words well chosen and musically spoken—her actions decisive yet delicate—her laugh unrestrained and full of gladness, and her soul panting with wild but immaculate impulses. Clara was a creature of deep thought—fine imagination and powerful sympathies. She was unlike most girls in her employments and pleasures—fond of solitude and Milton, and somewhat eccentric in her opinions of affection.—The world she had learned to fear as well as to despise even in her early girlhood, and she shrunk from the society of man with the timidity of a fawn. So much depravity of heart had been unfolded to her observation. So many innocent beings had either fallen victims to their affections, or the breath of calumny—that Clara feared all communion with the other sex, with an instinctive shuddering.—And yet in her moments of meditation she fondly imagined that there must be some exceptions, that all could not be thus treacherous. She felt that there was a little world of emotion swelling in her bosom, still unappropriated—she felt that her idolatry for one who could kindle up the first flame of affection, would be intense and faithful, and in the gentle outpourings of her thought, she wished to mingle with men for the selection of one who was worthy to love and to be beloved again. How many a fair creature has sighed for the same phantom! How many a spotless virgin has deluded her soul with dreams of an object to worship, who should be all that her fond fancy might imagine—perfect in manly beauty, full of intelligence, and untainted in honour—eminent above his fellow men in intellect, as well as in fidelity to his love.—These are the visions of early life, and where they once prove true, they a thousand times end in disappointment and sorrow. Human felicity is but a frail sun-beam—dispelled by the first breath of fortune or the slightest blast of adversity—disappointment and gloom and the edge of the sword will be blunted when it approaches you.

Clara La Roche was naturally of a happy spirit, but that spirit had been in a degree impaired by the bickerings of a step-mother and her two daughters with whom Clara was compelled to reside. These were envious of Clara's beauty, of her superior intelligence, and of the marked preference with which she was regarded by her father. He, weak man, was domineered over by his second wife, and

never presumed to make his kindness manifest in the presence of that help-mate. It was from this state of affairs that Clara was rendered unhappy, and sighed for some means of emancipation from her present unpleasant situation. It was about this time that accident introduced her to the acquaintance of Fitzroy. He was a young man of superior endowments but of dissipated habits—the brother of Clara's most intimate school companion, and one of the fondest and kindest brothers, that a sister ever possessed. He was a wild youth—full of redundant spirits and careless fancies; free as air in his communings with woman, but withal so gentle in his manners as to win her imperceptibly away from anger. He was the only man that Clara had ever permitted to steal into her confidence, indeed, she discovered that he had wound himself into all her private troubles, and sympathised with her long before she dreamed of such a circumstance. She knew that he was dissolute in his habits, for he had never for a moment hesitated in disclosing to her his every foible and his every thought. But there was such a generosity in his manner of committing these sins and such a candour in his avowal of them, that they were pardoned the moment they were related, and Clara even began to wonder if there was not a strange and undefinable fascination, even in the very recklessness of Adolph. After their intimacy strengthened, Clara even ventured to suggest the impropriety of such conduct, to point out its ruinous results, as well to Adolph's health as to his moral reputation. For my health, dear Clara, fear nothing, he replied, and for my reputation—so long as I can enjoy the esteem, and regard of such pure beings as thou, and my sister, a fig for the rest of the world and its anathemas. But it is needless to protract our tale. Despite of all the admonitory cautions of her judgment—despite of the well known character and habits of Adolph Fitzroy, Clara grew fonder and fonder of the wayward youth, until she knew that she admired him, with a passionate and all-enduring affection. Her emotions were returned with equal power, but still the dissipated habits of Fitzroy remained the same. They had become so blended with his nature and disposition, that like all other deleterious habits they seemed impossible to be removed, and no arguments on the part of Clara could convince her lover of their distressing results.

As soon as Mr. La Roche discovered the affection of his daughter for one so worthless, according to public opinion, he took measures for her removal from the city, but before these measures were executed, Adolph persuaded Clara to elope with him and be united, and thus evade the misery of separation. The fair creature was scarcely sixteen when she became a bride, and in possession of the unlimited affection of him she loved, fondly be-

ieved that her little sun of happiness would shine forever. A year had scarcely passed away before the frequent neglects of Fitzroy's business induced him to fly the country, and thus escape the relentless fangs of his creditors. Poor Clara was thrown back upon the protection of her father, and subjected to all the insults and aggravations of her hard hearted sisters. This however, she could have borne with the patience of her angelic spirit; but to be thus parted from him who to her was more than life, was indeed the depth of anguish. She lingered a little while longer among the coldness, and subject to the uncharitable animadversions of a thankless world, then dropped into the grave, a martyr to her own deep affections, and the dissipated habits of the man she loved. ASMODEUS.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from laud to laud."

FROM THE BOWER OF TASTE.

Scraps from a Port Folio.

New-Lebanon.—This delightful spot, though less known to fame than the plains of Saratoga, is infinitely superior, in point of rural beauty, to that, or any other watering place in the United States. The soil is extremely fertile, and under the highest cultivation; yet the waters are by no means equal in their medicinal qualities to those of Saratoga or Ballstown. On approaching the village, we are struck with the neatness and taste of the buildings, as also with the picturesque beauty of the landscape, which derives a peculiar charm from the bold contrast which the dark mountains form with the soft verdure of the meadows, and the deep, cool vallies through which the lucid streamlet winds, reflecting, as upon a polished mirror, the surrounding scene. Here, by indulging a romantic imagination, we might fancy ourselves straying through the classic shades of ancient Greece! Beneath the pensile willow, or luxuriant elm, groups of philosophers and statesmen are seen—some reposing at ease, and others engaged in deep argument, or animated discourse. While arm in arm a youthful trio, lovely as the graces, are hovering round the sparkling fountains, in the gaiety of their happy hearts, eager to quaff the cup of health, while their dimpled cheeks are glowing with her brightest roses. Yonder, strays a fond devoted pair, looking forth upon life's fair perspective, and sketching scenes of future happiness. Here, age with youth, and wealth with poverty, make up the human panorama.

Apart from the the throng of fashion, and the notes of mirth, glides a pale form—the victim of consumption—reclining on the fond supporting arm of him who has her earthly vows. Fair and fragile as the flower that bends beneath her tread, the summer hour will also

close her brief existence. There is a blush upon her cheek, and a sparkle in her eye, but they speak not of health, or hope—these are gone forever. * * * * *

The "New Hotel" is spoken of as a splendid establishment; but we prefer the old one, in point of locality, as well as comfort. We hate new buildings—they savour too much of paint, paper & whitewash. Less etiquette is observed in the halls of Lebanon, than in many fashionable places. So much the better: those who travel seek a *relief* from the formalities of the city; time glides happily with those who feel a disposition to join in the social enjoyments of the place. Such as stand aloof, too dignified to be amused with the varieties of life, are alike insensible to its purer pleasures. * * * * *

The settlement of the Shaking Quakers, is no inconsiderable attraction to the visitors of Lebanon Springs. Their dwellings, workshops, &c. are exquisitely neat, and many of the articles which they manufacture, are curious, and all are highly finished. They are plain, though civil, in their manners, and appear pleased at the notice of strangers, to whom they readily exhibit specimens of their work. Still, they are an amazing queer people! We wish we really knew what their religious principles *were*. Their brains seem none the worse for turning. All are industrious and many are intelligent. * * * * *

A stage coach wit, who had something to say on all occasions, and to all people, seeing a little yellow headed cowboy leaning against a tree by the road side, while the bells were ringing for church, cried out, What are you waiting there for, you young dog? Why don't you go to church? "I was waiting for the stage, sir, to show the passengers the way—Guess ye'd better stop!" said the boy with a grin.

A few miles farther on, a pretty red cheeked girl ran out of a cottage, and held up a basket of fine apples. What are they? cried our genius. "Apples." Oh, I've hated apples, ever since I read that Paradise story of Milton's. I'll none of them. Have you no pears, my dear? "Yes, sir," said the girl, with an arch giggle, "here's a *pair*"—holding up two apples that grew on one stalk—"Will you have it?"

Original Humour.—Some years since Mr. C—, a respectable clergyman in Litchfield county, was reproving an old Indian, for his cruel and revengeful conduct towards those who had offended him; "You should love your enemies," continued the parson, "and preserve an affection for those that hurt you." "I do love my enemies," retorted the son of nature, "and have great affection for them that hurt me." "No such thing" returned Mr. C—; "you don't love your enemies." "I do." "Who are the enemies you love?" "Rum and Cider."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Influence of Woman.

The increase of attention paid to female education is a source of pleasure to every one aware of the influence exerted by women over the moral character of society. The absurdity of the opinions respecting their mental inferiority, which even at the present day are entertained in some heathenish countries, has been clearly shown. The deep degradation of those countries in an intellectual point of view, is in a great measure attributable to the light esteem in which the weaker sex is held. Barbarous nations have almost invariably considered the want of great physical power, as an evidence of total worthlessness; and this fact accounts for those erroneous ideas in relation to female character, which ceased to prevail as soon as they became civilized.

The influence of women in communities, where they occupy in them inferior and disreputable stations, is unquestionably deleterious. But elevate them to the rank, which their abilities and native dignity entitle them to hold: make them conscious of their own importance, and their influence will no longer be pernicious. It will be seen in a high tone of moral sentiment pervading every class of society and in the correct deportment of the youth intrusted to their care, on them devolves the arduous duty of disciplining the minds of their offspring at a period in life extremely critical;—a period when virtuous principles take deepest root, and the imbibing of immoral sentiments is followed by the most unhappy consequences. It will then be acknowledged that attainments of a high order are requisite to qualify them for this task. A taste for literary pursuits is often formed at an early age, if properly encouraged by those whose opinions we regard with reverence. Hence it is matter of great moment, that females should be distinguished for intelligence, as well as for moral excellence, a love of reading and of habitual persevering study in a child is a sure and pleasing prognostic of future worth; not only because it discloses the bent of his mind, but as it secures him from idleness, and the vices that follow in its train.

The benefits, which females, are capable of bestowing on society, are great beyond conception. The permanence of a good government depends on the character of those, who live under it; and its downfall is inevitable, when their character becomes corrupt and worthless. In republics especially, virtue in the people is the one thing needful. It is the grand pillar, which alone can support us; and when that falls, the constitution falls with it. With how much care then, should the morals of those

who are to soon to succeed their fathers, be guarded. Mothers like Cornelia of old, should employ their time in improving the minds and hearts of their offspring: and may they gain a better reward than she did. CAMILLUS.

An Allegory.

A stoic, swelling with the proud consciousness of his worth, took a solitary walk; and straying among the groves of Academus, he sat down between an olive and pine tree. His attention was soon excited by a murmur which he heard among the trees. The whispers increased; and listening attentively, he plainly heard the pine say to the olive as follows—"Poor tree, I pity thee! thou now spreadest thy green leaves, and exulted in all the pride of youth and spring; but how soon will thy beauty be tarnished! The fruit which thou exhaustest thyself to bear shall hardly be shaken from thy boughs before thou shalt grow dry and withered; the green vines, now so full of juice, shall be frozen; naked and bare, thou wilt stand exposed to all the storms of winter, whilst my firmer leaf shall resist the change of seasons. *Unchangeable* is my motto, and through all the vicissitudes of the year I shall continue equally green and vigorous as I am at present." The olive, with a graceful wave of her boughs, replied, "It is true, thou wilt always continue as thou art at present. Thy leaves will keep that sullen and gloomy green in which they are now arrayed, and the stiff regularity of thy branches will not yield to those storms which will bow down many of the feeble tenants of the grove. Yet I wish not to be like thee. I rejoice when nature rejoices; and, when I am desolate, nature mourns with me. I fully enjoy pleasure in its season, and I am contented to be subject to the influence of those seasons and that economy of nature by which I flourish. When the spring approaches, I feel the kindly warmth: my branches swell with young buds, and my leaves unfold; crowds of singing birds which never visit thy noxious shade, sport on my boughs—my fruit is offered unto the gods, and rejoices men—and when the decay of nature approaches, I shed my leaves over the funeral of the falling year, and am well contented not to stand a single exemption to the mournful desolation I see every where around me." The pine was unable to frame a reply, and the philosopher turned away his steps, rebuked and humbled.

Rowland Hill and a Highwayman.

In early life, the Reverend Mr. Hill, travelling in his carriage over Hounslow-heath, was stopped by a highway man, who demanded his money. The Reverend gentleman immediately assented; but, with his usual self-possession and good humour, entreated a few moments' previous parley, which the highwayman granted. Mr. Hill then requested to be inform-

ed if he was driven to this pursuit by necessity, or if he followed it as a regular profession? The trembling culprit answered "Dire necessity." "Then," replied Mr. Hill, "perhaps you would rather follow a more honorable pursuit?" "Heaven knows I would," said the man. "Give me your entire confidence," said Mr. Hill, telling his name, "and I will keep your secret." He did this, the man was taken into Mr. Hill's service as a domestic where, from a humble station, he gradually advanced to the highest post in the reverend gentleman's establishment, where he remained upwards of forty years. When he died, Mr. Hill preached his funeral sermon, and then, for the first time, divulged all the particulars of his servant's life, who had become a very sincere Christian.

A Singular Circumstance.—A rat was thrown into a box containing one hundred living rattlesnakes, for the purpose of showing the manner of attack by these reptiles. When first put into the box, the serpents evidently exhibited considerable displeasure at the sight of such an intruder; they, however, made no immediate attack upon him, but put their heads rather boldly around him, apparently for the purpose of examining his make and quality. The rat taking this impertinence in high dudgeon, soon began to play his part among his new comrades by adopting their own mode of warfare, and biting every one that presumed to come within his reach. His usual aim would be at the head and neck of the snakes, where he would fasten his teeth so firmly that they would frequently drag him the whole length of the box before he would let go his hold. In this way he soon became master of the field, and by merely turning his head towards them, the snakes would retreat to the back ground for safety. However, to close the scene, after the rat had been in the box four or five hours, one young snake, of more courage than his companions placed himself in a posture of attack, and by one effectual blow, put a period to the conquest of the warrior rat.

Following a Prescription.—When the celebrated beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day, the Dr. coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, faith, doctor," said Nash, "if I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window."

Dr. Johnston.—A pedantic young man who endeavoured to imitate the superiour writings of Dr. Johnston, and had even considered himself in some respects his equal, one day said to the doctor, "what do you suppose the world thinks of us?"—"Why, says the doctor, I suppose they think me a bulldog, and you a tin kettle tied to my tail."

As a press gang, during the last winter, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man, tolerably well dressed, who pleaded, that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. "Haul him along!" cried one of the tars, "he is the very one we want. We press a great many blackguards, and we are much at a loss for some one to teach them good manners."

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1828.

PRIZES.

The publisher of the TOILET, an interesting weekly miscellany noticed a short time since, as having been recently enlarged and improved, offers the following liberal prizes.

For the best *Original Tale*, TWENTY DOLLARS; for the second best, a set of *Addison's Spectator*, elegantly bound and gilt.

For the best *Poem*, a set of *Shakspeare's Dramatical Works*, bound and gilt; for the second best, a set of *Byron's Poetical Works*, also bound and gilt.

All communications intended for the prizes, must be directed to the publisher, W. A. BROWN, No. 9, Market Square, Providence, and sent previous to the 20th of November next.

It is said another novel from the prolific brain of Mr. Cooper, is forthcoming.—It is entitled *The Child of the Wishton Wish*.

Our Village.—This is the title of a book by Miss Mitford, which is soon to be published in New-York. It consists of sketches, in the form of tales, of the characters of the inhabitants of a small village in the south of England. Several of these have been transferred to the columns of the New-York Mirror, from which was selected the one entitled "Hannah," that enriched our last number. All the sketches that we have seen appear to be taken from the life, and merit the highest encomiums. The editor of the Mirror, speaks in terms of the most unqualified praise of the whole work.

MARRIED,

In this city on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Loomis, Mr. Andrew Bunt, to Miss Ann Eliza Woolf, all of this place.

At Claverack, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Syrena Tilton, of New-York, to Miss Lorinda Bunker, of this city.

At Copake on the 16th ult. by Jacob Shafer, Esq. Mr. Amos Ostrander of Hillsdale, to Miss Hannah Van Tassel, of Copake.

In Kinderhook, by the Rev. Jacob Sickles, Mr. Peter Lovejoy, of this city, to Miss Maria Staats, daughter of Abraham A. Staats, of Stuyvesant.

In Chatham, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Jacob Smith, of Nassau, to Miss Sally Irish, of the former place.

DIED,

On the 24th ult. Mary Elizabeth, in her 11th year, and on the 27th, Juliet Matilda, in her 4th year, the eldest and youngest daughters of Mr. Jonathan Stott, of this city.

In this city, on Sunday the 23th ult. Mr. William Chamberlain.

In Athens, on the 23th ult. Casper Clow, aged 94.

At Greenbush, on the 27th ult. General John I. Van Rensselaer, in the 66th year of his age. "Blessed is the memory of the just."

At Havana, on the 11th ult. Capt. Seaman, master of the ship *Romulus* of New York aged 33.



POETRY.

THE GRAVE.

BY THE LATE EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.

Beneath these rankly spreading weeds,
This lowly mound, and dreary stone,
The sordid earth-worm darkly feeds
On one, men loved to look upon.
Of gentle race and beauty rare,
The land delightfully she ranged,
And now she slumbers deeply there:
Ah! the heart aches to think how changed!

I saw her once in life, and said
So beautiful a thing could not
Breathe long on earth—but soon be made
To share in earth the common lot.
Was't idly thought!—her form so fair
Is buried in this narrow cave,
But late she lit this upper air,
And now—I look upon her grave!

I mourn for her, though nought to me
In kindred, or, indeed, in heart,
Save something that I liked to see
And wished not ever to depart—
A pleasant sight—a creature I
Gazed on, in no unquiet mood,
And turned from most unwillingly,
To glance on things of meaner blood.

A selfish grief! she lies within
A place of solitary rest;
Where cares shall never entrance win,
Nor anguish wring her lovely breast!
Light-hearted girl! I would not thou
Couldst change thy lowly state with me,
That I might sleep the tomb below,
And the sun shine again on thee!

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

THE DEAF AND BLIND GIRL.

Mysterious being—shut from sound and sight;
And barr'd, from all communion with thy kind;—
Would thou couldst tell me, what thy mental light,
And what the musings of thy lonely mind.

Would thou couldst tell me, what the hidden springs
Of joy, that gush out in thy gladden'd smile;
What gay imaginings of unknown things,
Can charm thy spirit, and thy hours beguile.

What visions fair can fancy sketch for thee;
No forms of life are on thy brain imprest;
What is it then, can wake to ecstasy
The life, that seems an almost dreamless rest?

I think on thee, as one shut out from light;
The consciousness of being, thy sole thought,
Yet thou mayst be ethereal, pure, and bright
With sense of God into thy being wrought.

Unchained by senses that bind down to earth,
Thy soul may upward wing her glorious way,
Explore the regions whence she drew her birth,
And bathe in floods of everlasting day.

No sounds to jar thee—silent from their birth,
Thy nerves may have a fine ethereal tone;
And flowret's breath, and balmy breeze of earth,
May thrill thee, with a joy to us unknown.

Thine more than rapture, when thy soul shall spring
From this dull prison, to her native skies:
When heaven's soft harmony shall round thee ring,
And heavenly beauty greet thy unseal'd eyes.
By Mercy's hand then sure the fate was wrought,
That placed the fountain of thy joys within,
That being gave, with life immortal fraught,
Yet clos'd the avenues to woe and sin. E. W. B.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

May health, prosperity, and peace;
All thy calm ways, attend—
Religion still thy joys increase,
In a warm bosom friend.
And when thy days in love are spent,
Be thou prepared to go,
Enter that Heaven whose full extent
No mortal here can know.
Eternal happiness to share,
Design'd for only those
In faith who live, and who by prayer,
Confound assailing foes,
Till death the conflict close. * * * C.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The word is **FARCE**. The answer to the several different ways in which the word is placed, and transposition of the letters, follow in the order in which they occur: Face Fare Care Car Ace Race Ear Fear.

PUZZLE II.—Because he serves but a year.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
I am a word of fourteen letters divided into five syllables signifying—Imperfection; and my 1st, 6th and 14th are alike; my 7th, 9th and 11th are alike; my 2d and 13th are alike; my 3d and 4th are alike; my 5th and 12th are alike; and my 8th and 10th are alike. Now fearing that the above may not prove sufficient to make myself known, I will present you with my letters in full.
O. S. T. U. I. S. I. P. O. S. U. I. T. P.

II.
Two there were, who liv'd of old,
Was born and never died;
Two there were as we are told,
That spoke and never lied;
And two there were, who liv'd of old,
That ne'er was born but died—
The mystic question now unfold,
'Tis by scripture testified.

J. S. D.

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